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NOTES OF THE WEEK

EVENTS, it would seem, wait on the convenience of their chroniclers. Given a pause in the publication of daily papers, with a goodly proportion of journalists on holiday, and nothing much happens. "What the Swede intend, and what the French" becomes even more superfluous of discussion by us than by Milton and his friend. Knowing that there is no one to comment on their intentions, they and all other peoples cease, for a few days, to have any. A hush descends on England. Even crime becomes rare, either because our criminals are wholly engaged in domestic festivities or, as we prefer to believe, out of courtesy to journalists. Nothing happens until the Press is ready to deal with news again. Now, suppose the journalistic holiday were lengthened. Would this quiet continue? We hesitate over the answer, but in the interests of a world suffering from repeated news-shock the experiment seems worth trying, another year.

ELECTRICITY FOR ALL

It is understood that the Government's plan for increasing and cheapening the country's supply of electrical power has now been completed, and that though no official description will be made avail-

able for a while, there will be very little delay in introducing the necessary legislation. There are some obvious difficulties to be overcome, and incidentally there is possible opposition from the gas-producing companies, but on the face of matters there is no reason why the Government, acting on the expert advice submitted to it, should not be able to carry through a scheme promising both some reduction in manufacturing costs and a considerable stimulation of rural industries hitherto starved of electrical power. It is probable that the scheme will involve a more or less drastic reduction in the number of power stations, with the creation of more important central stations and the establishment of elaborately linked-up trunk and subsidiary lines. It may industrially be a good deal more important to the countryside than to the towns, but even urban areas should gain by consequent abatement of the smoke nuisance. We await details with some impatience.

THE MENACE TO BRITISH FILMS

Nothing is more dangerous to the British film industry than talk of protection on which protection does not speedily follow. It warns the foreign competitor, without hindering his efforts to complete his domination of the kinemas of this country. At the moment, nothing definite has been done to safeguard the home industry, though the

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3 Demonstration at your
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Government, in accordance with the fair notice it gave, is about to plan action in the absence of agreement within the industry. But certain American interests are now reported to be contemplating the establishment of another Hollywood on British soil, and if this should be set up there would be an end of all hopes for British films. We would once more urge the Government to apply the only effective and appropriate check to foreign competition by insisting on a proportion of British films being taken by the foreigner for every foot of foreign film introduced into this country. But we would now add, let every studio which is not wholly owned and directed by British subjects be treated as if it were situate in a foreign country. The matter is serious and urgent. A stop must be put to a process which is turning the youth of England into spiritual citizens of Hollywood.

BREATHING SPACE FOR M. BRIAND

By the persuasiveness he has often enough exhibited, and by a boldness not so often shown by him, M. Briand has secured what some describe as a triumph, but we as time to breathe. His success comes at the very end of a harassing session; it remains to be seen what will happen on the re-assembly of the Chamber, or perhaps we should say, when, a couple of days earlier, the Socialists meet in their Congress. But at any rate France has been saved for the time being. At the third attempt, the Cabinet, which contains politicians like M. Painlevé, who are definitely pledged by election speeches to oppose the tax on turnover, has unanimously accepted the proposals of M. Doumer, who has made little real concession, since he still in effect doubles the tax, though by the expedient of an "exceptional and temporary" impost. So far, so good. What will follow depends on the progress of the average French politician towards comprehension of the country's plight. The timidity of that being when taxation, and especially when the extortion of evaded taxes, is in question is notorious. M. Briand and M. Doumer have taken their political lives in their hands in the resolve to restore the national finances of France. Can they instil courage into enough of the Chamber to get their policy carried out to the full measure of its intention?

ITALY LOOKING EASTWARD

There may quite reasonably be differences of opinion as to the significance of the reported intention of Signor Mussolini to declare Italy an Empire. There can hardly be doubt as to the Italian tendency to adopt an Imperialist programme quite independently of any outward and formal change in the monarchy. Italy, with America so nearly closed to her surplus population, needs an outlet; and Signor Mussolini, like all dictators, needs a foreign or colonial policy that will distract attention from domestic affairs. There is no opening to be sought from Fiume. There is none in Africa. There may, in certain circumstances, be one in those regions of Asia for operations in which Rhodes would be a good base. It is true that Italian activity in developing the harbour there has a commercial motive, and equally true that in the recent past Italy has shown friendliness towards Turkey. But it would be

surprising if Italy, under Signor Mussolini, were not preparing to take advantage of any opportunity which may present itself in the Near East. There is no question of dark, satanic plotting; but there is a strong presumption that, given suitable conditions, Italy will assert herself in the one possible sphere of influence left to her. We do not suppose that the diplomatic exchange between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini at Rapallo ventured on such definite ground as a consideration of this matter.

AMERICA AND DISARMAMENT

Though confirmation is lacking, there is inherent probability in the rumour that President Coolidge, being keenly desirous of a new Naval Conference at Washington, but finding France, Japan and other Powers indisposed to attend it, is now seeking to make American representation at the land armament Conference contingent on a maritime armament Conference being held thereafter under his auspices. In a matter of such delicacy, we can hardly expect any official disclosure until the delegates gather at Geneva in February. But then, it is said, the American view will be put privately to each of the principal naval Powers. It is hoped, among those who are believed to be in President Coolidge's confidence, that European anxiety to bring America into line at Geneva will cause the Powers in question to waive their objections to another Naval Conference at Washington. But what purpose would be served by a discussion at Washington which did not result in substantial reductions, and what Power is prepared to reduce its strength at sea still further? Would not the steadily dwindling popular objection in America to adhesion to the World Court be stimulated if it were eventually found that the Naval Conference for which the President had bargained were sterile?

THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA

Two wars, both arising out of personal rivalry rather than political differences, have suddenly ended in China, but the situation is not unfavourable to the beginning of a third. In Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, whose defeat was confidently expected by the Japanese authorities, has decisively defeated, and executed, his mutinous subordinate, Kuo Sung-ling. Further south, in Chihli, Feng Yu-hsiang, after what for China must be described as very severe fighting, has defeated Li Ching-lin. But Li Ching-lin, with quite 40,000 troops, has managed to retire into Shantung, where the Military Governor is his friend, and should later on be able to resume the struggle if so disposed. And Feng, in consequence of Chang's victory in Manchuria, which he, like the Japanese, never anticipated, is thus between a victorious enemy in the north and a defeated but far from destroyed enemy in the south. There may be a lull while Chang in Manchuria and Feng in Chihli consolidate their gains, and while Li in Shantung nurses his wounds; but clearly this is not the end of the struggle, even though it be the end of the two wars which Europe has been watching with puzzled eyes.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

The Indian National Congress—which was founded by a discontented Englishman, and which

conducts its proceedings, to avoid polyglot confusion, in English—has held its usual Christmas session. All that emerges from the welter of resolutions is that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who has unhappily given up to politics a talent for poetry, and most of her political friends are in favour of reviving non-co-operation if India is not forthwith granted the status and political machinery of a Dominion, while a few prominent Swarajists, including at least three men with real influence, are hostile to the proposal. We do not anticipate any important consequences. The general conditions in India are unfavourable to a broad and vigorous movement of non-co-operation. Obstruction, of a spasmodic kind, there will be, alike in the Legislative Assembly and in the Provincial legislatures; the decline of British authority will continue; Hindu-Moslem feuds will cause anxiety; but it will probably be a long time before matters come to a head. Purely Constitutional questions do not interest one per cent. of the Indian population; and non-co-operation of a tactical kind makes very much less appeal to the Indian mind than non-co-operation as part of a spiritual and comprehensive rejection of the West.

MILITARY CHEESE-PARING

The trouble with every campaign for economy is that Government departments, and most of their critics, are tempted to lay hands on small, readily excusable excrescences rather than to undertake the difficult task of eliminating waste from the general administration. It is not only on account of Locarno that outlay on defence has been put into the category of expenditure to be reconsidered. But the first thing done is to grab at the miserable £15,000 granted in aid of Cadet corps. That resumption of that grant for the current year, and its denial for the future, involves breach of faith with the Cadet organizations is ignored. Having stopped the grant, which used to be £40,000, two years ago, the Government decided last August to restore part of it. Now it is to be snatched away. The country, apparently, can afford waste through overlapping in its administration of the regular forces, but cannot afford the prodigious sum of 5s. a head on the training of its future citizens at the most critical stage of their lives.

THE CASE FOR THE CADETS

The importance of the Cadet grant, trifling as its total is, may be gathered from the fact that its abolition caused a decline in the number of Cadets from close on 100,000 to 50,000. In poorer areas, as was then made plain, Cadet units simply cannot exist without the grant, and it is well known, or ought to be, that it is precisely these poorer units which most abundantly feed the Territorials with an excellent type of recruit. From this point of view alone, the grant is thoroughly justified. But quite apart from defence, the encouragement of the Cadets is socially very desirable. It cannot be a matter of indifference whether numbers of youths, many of them brought up in no wholesome environment, are given discipline and a sense of duty or not. Schoolmasters should be as active in opposition to this miserable little economy as those who are more particularly concerned with the training of youth for discharge of its duty in the defence of the country.

MR. BALDWIN AND THE GOVERNMENT

THE Christmas lull in politics has been enlivened by rumours of a plot to overthrow Mr. Baldwin and sow dissension in the ranks of Conservatism. The *Glasgow Herald* on Monday morning gave these rumours shape and substance in a communication from its London Correspondent. Briefly, the alleged facts are these. A determined move is said to be afoot, instigated by opponents of the present Government, and as yet unsupported by any of the Premier's colleagues or followers, to depose Mr. Baldwin and so to divide the Conservative ranks that a new Government could be formed which would be composed of Conservative, Labour and Liberal elements. That is the general idea, and, on the face of it, it seems foredoomed to failure. For the fact is that despite all the efforts of the Press Gang (and, indeed, largely because of them), and despite all the faint praise with which the Prime Minister has been damned and all the cynical headshaking and prognostications of early failure with which he began his second term of office, his prestige is higher now than ever before. That is one reason why an attempt to overthrow him, even if made from within, would certainly not receive the approval of the rank and file of the Party. A second and equally potent reason exists in the fact that there is no one to put in his place. The Conservative Party is not yet prepared to receive Mr. Churchill to its bosom; Sir Austen Chamberlain, who has already injured his career once through scrupulous loyalty to a chief, is not the man to allow himself to be used as a cat's paw in an intrigue against his leader; while Sir William Joynson-Hicks, even in his wildest dreams of megalomania, can hardly have taken himself seriously as heir to the Premiership. There is no one else. Finally, any reconstitution of the Government on the lines suggested would involve a general election, and a Party with a huge majority and every prospect of keeping it for another four years is likely to think many times before risking its position at the polls in order to satisfy the ambitions of a political opponent.

It is astonishing how hard the old Coalition ghost is to lay. It has bobbed up continually since the Conservative Party shook off the Georgian dust from its feet in 1922, and here it is again in a slightly modified dress. Mr. Lloyd George, the evil genius of British post-war politics (as he was—in fairness be it said—the good genius of the war period) is at his games again. His latest enterprise is said to be an attempt to foist his "Land and Nation League" on the country as a non-party organization and to enlist in its ranks members of all three of the existing political parties. He has ruined his own, or what used to be his own, party; he has split the Conservatives once; now he is to embark on a still more ambitious scheme. He wants to split not one party merely, but three, and out of the pieces of Labour and Conservatism, with a fragment of disintegrated Liberalism, to build up a Coalition of his own. That, at least, is the story, and we do not deem it altogether unlikely. The fact that Disraeli's

remark that "England does not love Coalitions" is as true now as when he made it does not prevent Mr. Lloyd George and some of his old associates from sighing for the good old days following the khaki election of 1918; and the fact that their hopes are improbable of achievement should not blind Conservatives to the danger which threatens them or put them off their guard against certain of their own Party whom we believe not to be above sharing in the intrigue. Mr. Lloyd George has recently shown distinct signs of movement to the Left, but that should not be regarded too seriously in a man whose versatility is such that it will allow him to move in both directions at once.

It would be unwise to imagine that because this scheme is unlikely to succeed now it will never succeed, and that because the Conservative Party is proof against intrigue now it will never heed the voice of the serpent. The testing time will come when the rot which inevitably assails over-large majorities assails the present Government. Although it is already suffering, as our Political Correspondent recently pointed out, from the lack of a sufficiently large and active opposition, the position of Mr. Baldwin's administration is at the moment fairly high. Three months ago it seemed definitely on the down grade, but since then it has been saved and strengthened by two remarkable strokes of deserved good fortune, the Locarno Pact and the Irish settlement—the latter as neat an example of turning evil to good account as has been seen in politics for some years. But despite these successes there are danger spots. The evil of the coal subsidy (whether necessary or not it is an evil) is not yet fully worked out, and the Government is likely to be in deep waters over it again before long. The most serious aspect of the subsidy is that it cuts right across every effort of the Chancellor to reduce taxation. The first big test of this Government will be its success or failure in achieving national economy: for that reason the Budget now being prepared will mark a turning point in its career. We should not envy Mr. Churchill his task even without the coal subsidy to reckon with; with it, we certainly place more hope than faith in the reports of a sixpenny reduction in the Income Tax.

Mr. Baldwin's personal position is different and more interesting than that of his Government. He is a person whose qualities are also his defects. His admirable indifference to venomous criticism in the Press, his easy-going optimism, his naïve and often disconcerting frankness, even his very idealism, are weaknesses as well as virtues. When he remarks that he has not read the newspapers, or admits comprehensively that he does not consider "anything in this country satisfactory," when he appeals sincerely—if somewhat vaguely—for "peace in our time," he is exposing himself at once to the plaudits of those who appreciate candour and independence, and to the shafts of those who are on the watch for any excuse for a gibe. He lacks, too, in his character a certain element of constructive ability which is vital in our post-war times, as well as an assertiveness which will be absolutely essential to him if he is to combat successfully the intrigues that are likely to develop against him later on.

In one way he is absolutely the right man to lead the Conservative Party; in another, perhaps the wrong. He has interpreted the mandate given

him by the country a year ago in the widest and wisest terms. He has the breadth and the balance to keep his followers from tending towards the paths of die-hardism and reaction. But he has also a strain of sentimentality and of *laissez-faire* which is ill fitted to meet the problems of the day. It has been suggested that he may one day himself cause a breach in his own party and also in Labour by gathering to him the better elements in both. Certainly his methods appeal strongly to many in the Labour Party, as was shown, for example, after his recent speech announcing the Government's decision to build its own houses in Scotland, which drew warm and obviously sincere words of praise and gratitude from the Opposition benches. But is Mr. Baldwin quite the man for whom politicians will break their party ties and politics in this country undergo a new alignment? Between the left wing of the Conservative Party and the right wing of the Labour Party there is in some respects little to choose, and stranger things have happened in the history of British parliamentary government than a regrouping on the lines that have been suggested. Such surmise is, however, an affair of the more remote future. When the Labour split has occurred (as it inevitably will), but not till then, a regrouping of parties in general and the Conservative Party in particular may conceivably take place. As for the more immediate future, it is extremely unlikely that the Conservative Party will depose Mr. Baldwin, or obligingly split itself to make way for Mr. Lloyd George.

THE CURSE OF BABEL

THE writer of a recent article in the *Sunday New York Times* has discovered two tendencies in modern civilization. In the first place the whole world is becoming standardized: we are all "moving towards a single civilization—Western civilization as typified by American life"; and, secondly, a diversification of languages is going on side by side with the growing standardization. (We are not troubled much about the first argument. The evidence seems to be that we are all becoming civilized in the American sense of the word because we use Kodaks and sewing-machines and cheap motor-cars. The question of the multiplication of tongues is more important. The American commentator seems uncertain whether to desire the state when the families of Noah were over the earth "of one language and of one speech," or whether Babel ought not to be modernized into a thorough-going skyscraper and a multifarious confusion of tongues welcomed as a blessing instead of being repelled as a curse.)

It is a quaint fallacy of the human mind to imagine that languages can be rearranged and shuffled like packs of cards. Languages are alive, and, like humans, they grow, mature, become senescent, and die. Words are symbols whose significance is as shifting as the fashions of a *modiste*. We use "blue-eyed" to-day as a compliment; but to the Elizabethan, "blue-eyed" meant "bleary-eyed," and such was Caliban's mother, the witch Sycorax, "this blue-ey'd hag." When the Elizabethans wished to say "blue-

eyes" they said "grey-eyes." In the same way that much-abused word "guts" was, in the seventeenth century, the genteelst of words, and was used by a king in a polite letter to his sister. It is strange that Americans, above all, should believe in the possible unification of languages, for, starting out with English as a basis, they have built up quite unintentionally a language which is completely their own. In America they use "homely" to signify "mean" or "inferior," while we use it to denote all that is best in modest comfort; and with their "sophomores" and "sororities" and "skedules" they have produced a vocabulary which we do not even understand.

Babel will endure: it is one of the permanent monuments of our wickedness, but there is no need for us to go on wantonly adding storeys to it. Post-war nationalism seems to have found an outlet for its energies in reviving old national languages. Wherever the revival is dictated solely by national and political demands it becomes a nuisance. The Czechs may have gained an enormous national impetus by reverting to their own language from German, but it seems a pity that they will not allow an inoffensive foreigner in Prague to use German to order a bed and breakfast. In Greece the language is said to have altered during the last decade with every change of Government. Fortunately, with languages practical considerations win in the end. Such Jews as have Zionist zeal may try to establish Hebrew as their living tongue; but while Jews all over the world speak Yiddish, that strange mixture of bad German and Hebrew characters, the old historical language can hope for nothing more than an academic success.

The curse of Babel is a nuisance—how great a nuisance only those who have been most successful in overcoming it really understand. The late W. P. Ker conquered most languages, and yet it was he who confessed the curse of Babel is "not merely that you are required to spend on the tongues the time that might be given to bear-baiting (as Sir Andrew discovered, ancestor of many old gentlemen whose education has been neglected, so many seekers after culture), but even when you have mastered the grammar and the dictionary you may find . . . insuperable difficulties of thought and sentiment." This is a clear realization that the curse of Babel is more than skin-deep; it toucheth the soul. The ideal would be to make all the world at least bi-lingual, just as the Welsh and the educated Indians and Chinese and Japanese are to-day. We could then have a universal language for things which are commonplace to us all, "the Kodaks and sewing-machines and cheap motor-cars." Along with this universal language for our pedestrian needs we could develop as many languages as poets and politicians might require for their thought and their propaganda.

Words are at best the treacherous counters in the game of the contact of mind with mind: "they half reveal and half conceal the thought within." Perhaps when this age, gifted in the invention of mechanical appliances, turns its attention to mental processes it may devise a machine by which mind and mind can communicate without using any words at all. No one would need languages then; that is, unless one still wished to read Homer and Shakespeare and Dante.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SNOW

BY VERNON BARTLETT

SNOW is commonly connected with the Christmas spirit of joviality, and there should be plenty of good cheer in our little hotel, for it is lost in a desert of snow, and a white blizzard blows around the creaking, wooden building. From our windows, they say, we have a wonderful view of the Alps, but snow is just as effective a cloak as fog.

When I came down for breakfast I found a large Christmas tree in the dining-room and the tired waitress explained that the staff had worked at its decoration until four o'clock in the morning. I lingered over my coffee to hear the remarks of the other visitors. The Dutch family showed very little interest, for the Dutch do not share the sentimental tradition of the Germans about the "Tannenbaum." The Swiss family enjoyed it, for one of their number was a little boy, and the Christmas spirit can only be communicated by children. But Christmas cheer of the Christmas card type did not exist until the English maiden lady arrived. For the other members of her party—a mother and her two daughters—she had little parcels which she placed, ever so daintily, on their plates. Then she came round the room and wished us a "Merry Christmas." The Dutch family looked a little astonished and the Swiss family a little offended. I felt embarrassed. I should have been first with my good wishes, but the maiden lady had never spoken to me before and she had taken me unawares. I stammered something about "the same to you" and turned hurriedly to my breakfast.

The mother and her two daughters, Marjorie and Estelle, arrived. Squeaks of excitement and joy as the handkerchief, the housewife (if that is what it is really called) and the calendar were unwrapped. The calendar, of course, had a picture portraying a number of Dutch girls and boys leaning over a railing watching other Dutch girls and boys skating. The handkerchief was green, and Marjorie declared green was her favourite colour. The mother had, by post, three other calendars, including one bearing a picture of Dutch children, but she declared that she could never have too many calendars. Estelle was delighted to have a needle and some cotton as she was "always falling to bits." The maiden lady laughed shrilly at this remark, which struck her as amusing because Christmas was in the air.

I was known to be English. Therefore, across the room, I was drawn—dragged?—into the Christmas circle. "We had such fun last night," explained the maiden lady. "We all hung up our stockings. I've no appetite to-day. I've been tasting all the different sorts of sweets. And isn't it lovely to have the snow. I wish it was a little less boisterous so that we could go out for a bit. I do love Christmas, don't you?" I tried to show the desired enthusiasm. The waitress brought in a telegram which the mother opened with the trepidation a telegram conveys to some people even on birthdays or other occasions for messages of good wishes. "Merry Christmas Nore Daddy," it ran.

"Wasn't that cleverly timed?" said the mother.

"To arrive like that, actually on Christmas Day," said the maiden lady.

"And just at breakfast time." Marjorie was so delighted that she could hardly sit still on her chair. Estelle had an inquiring mind. "What does 'Nore' mean?" she asked. There followed a long discussion, a counting up of words, an examination—Heaven alone knows why—of the hour of despatch. It was Estelle herself who found the solution. "Perhaps it means 'love,'" she suggested. "How clever of you. Of course it does." The maiden lady was generously complimentary. Estelle blushed with pleasure and pride. She surpassed herself, for she proceeded to point out that the telegram had not taken seven hours on the way as there was an hour's difference between English and Swiss time. Renewed consternation, since none of them knew if watches were slower or faster in England. Terrified of being asked a question to which I did not know the reply, I fled to the salon.

In a few minutes they followed me. "I do love Christmas," said the maiden lady. "It makes me feel so well-disposed towards everyone. Don't you think so, Mr.—?" She broke off as she did not know my name. "I suppose so. Yes. I suppose it does," I agreed. She looked a little disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm, and went to the window. "I do love to see the snow. It's a pity we can't go out, but it makes it such a jolly, old-fashioned Christmas."

"I wonder what we can do until lunch time," said Marjorie a little dubiously.

"I ought to go and write letters to thank everyone for their lovely presents. But I'd much rather talk. What a pity they've only central heating instead of open fires. However, we've got the snow, and that makes all the difference." The maiden lady turned to me. "Wouldn't you care to join us in a real Christmassy talk?" I explained that I wanted to go ski-ing. "What, even in this awful weather?" She corrected herself as though she had been guilty of sacrilege. "It's lovely weather, of course, but it makes one glad to stay indoors. It looks so nice through the window. A Merry Christmas—" she greeted some new visitor who peeped into the room.

I seized the opportunity and hurried out, with my skis, into the Christmas blizzard.

BIRDS IN MIDWINTER

By E. M. NICHOLSON

THE hardships which birds suffer in severe weather, not from the cold itself, but from the attendant scarcity of food, are considerable even in normal winters, and become terrible when a prolonged frost closes earth and waters against them and turns the seasonal shortage into a famine. Frost locks up the ponds against the waterfowl, and they fly to the estuaries to find a temporary home, trying their luck anywhere on the way where open water is noticed, regardless of civilization and the gunner in search of trophies. A fortnight ago a pair of dunlins, frozen out in this way from winter quarters, put in an appearance at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens about midday, and ran about on the ice and the bare asphalt border till, after several disturbances, they found the place untenable and passed on. Kingfishers suffer both from mild winters and

hard: if the floods do not so raise the water-levels that their prey is put beyond their reach, the frosts come and place it in bond under a general seal of ice. The ousted birds, racing across country to other hunting-grounds, lose their natural caution and fall victims to the admirers of stuffed kingfishers in glass cases, now happily less numerous than they were during the great frosts of thirty years ago, when a hundred or more would be secured by a single taxidermist in the course of the winter. The earth is almost equally inhospitable. When the last pools freeze, and mud turns to a brick-like consistency, snipe and other birds whose long, tender bills were made to probe in soft, spongy ground can only hope to out-fast the weather. While the snow and frost last it is as if the rest of nature had withdrawn itself into a snail-shell and gone to sleep, leaving the birds and a few other creatures outside with nothing but each other to feed upon.

Civilization is founded very largely on the ability to spread available supplies over both space and time: instead of the natural sequence of extreme plenty and extreme shortage in different parts or at different seasons, the supply is organized with forethought and evenly distributed. In the strict sense of storing and distributing, birds do not show even the slight efforts in this direction to be observed in some animals and insects; but there are several species of birds which have found an alternative solution in so enlarging their range of diet that it is almost impossible to starve them out. These are the most successful species. In Britain the sparrow has done this simply by establishing a parasitic relationship with man, who solved the problem long ago; the starling and black-headed gull have done it partly by extending their range of diet and partly by an intelligent appreciation of the by-products of human civilization; the rook, jackdaw, woodpigeon, and others rely on agriculture rather than on civilization as a whole to subsidize them over the lean weeks. It is natural that those species which help themselves to subsidies at our expense should be the ones which it is least desirable to subsidize, or even to tolerate in their present numbers. The most useful species are chiefly those which feed on insects, and, while the majority have migrated south in autumn, a great number stay on and trust to luck to carry them over the dead season. If they fail it is our misfortune almost as much as theirs, and we must resign ourselves to plagues of caterpillars and other pests until they recover their normal strength, or probably for some time after.

A fair idea of the annual losses is easily obtained from the number of young reared each season. The guillemot lays only one egg and its numbers remain fairly stable; even so that gives a mortality of 333 per 1,000 between August and August—twenty times the death-rate of even the more unhealthy English towns. The robin, reckoning eight fledged young each season, must lose 800 per 1,000 in various ways before the next spring. That, of course, is in normal seasons; in such a winter as 1916-17 (and it is not yet certain that 1925-26 is not going to be another) the numbers of robins, wrens, thrushes, and other birds were so diminished for several years that the loss can scarcely have been less than 950 per 1,000. The British long-tailed tit would probably have shown that year a death-rate of something like 994 per

1,000, and the British golden-crested wren of 998 or 999, the last having been described by an eminent ornithologist as "practically wiped out."

The feeding of birds in the breeding season is a mistake, and neither in their interests nor our own; but in frosty weather it becomes an urgent duty. It is, in fact, a work of national importance, and from the mere mercenary standpoint of crop-saving it would pay the State to undertake it; but the State (meaning ourselves) has quite enough burdens to bear at present, and this, like the maintenance of hospitals, is a field better left to private charity. There is no necessity to undertake anything elaborate. Crumbs and small bacon-rinds, and the other edible refuse of an ordinary household, will sustain most of the insectivorous kinds that normally winter with us. Coconuts and fat hung up for the titmice are particularly demanded, for these little birds cannot in the mildest winter hope to find enough food to go round, and they appear also to be among the few that seriously feel the cold. Almost the most useful resident species we have, they multiply like rabbits in summer and in winter die like flies; the frequency of their visits to even a well-worked coconut witnesses how little else they can find to support life. By actual counting I found, among other things, that just in the month between the first week in November and the first week in December this year more than half the blue tits in Kensington Gardens perished or disappeared.

To maintain a winter feeding-table for the birds, not forgetting drinking water in frosty weather, is a pleasure as much as a duty. They come so readily and learn the feeding times so well; and there is the unfailing fascination of their behaviour and of tempting rare visitors to make the pious founder suspect that these beggars who live on his charity take less from him than they give.

EL ALCALDE DE MOSTOLES

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

IN the year 1808, Napoleon was at the height of his renown. All Europe lay beneath his feet. England and Russia alone were still unconquered; but in due course he hoped to deal with them. Austria, Prussia, Holland and Italy were provinces of France. Spain, that had for centuries been inaccessible to conquerors, had been beaten to her knees. His brother Joseph, known to the Spaniards by the name of Pepe Botellas, held his court in Madrid, surrounded by a few sycophants and renegades. All patriotism seemed dead. Murat and his Mamelukes kept down the city with an iron hand. Goya was taking notes of everything, crystallizing the odious tyranny of the French, in his immortal 'Horrors of War,' horrors that have never been surpassed, either in reality or paint.

The country, delivered over to the mercies of the invading troops, was seething with revolt, but wanted someone to stand out and lead. Only the partisan El Empecinado was in arms in Navarre and the Basque provinces. For all that, no Frenchman's life was worth ten minutes' purchase outside cantonments or the camp. The country people cut their throats like sheep with their long knives, and often threw their bodies into their wine vats to get rid of them. In after days, to say a wine had a French twang was long a jest among the peasantry. Still they went on, stabling their horses in the churches, violating nuns and stealing priceless ornaments from the cathedrals

and the monasteries. Spain stirred convulsively under the heel of the detested Gabacho, as the people liked to call the French. That which was to prove her strength, and had done so in ages past, was now her weakness, for the intensely local patriotism had formed each town and village into a community apart, slow to combine with one another. "Mi tierra" meant for them, not Spain, but every separate village and a few miles around.

At last the turbulent populace of Madrid, irritated past bearing by the Mamelukes who represented to them not the French only, but their hereditary enemies, the Moors, rose in revolt. Armed with their knives alone, they fell upon the Mamelukes in a narrow street, stabbing their horses and butchering the riders when they fell. Two heroic officers of artillery, Velarde and Daoiz, opened fire with a piece of cannon on the French. Their heroism was wasted, that is, if sacrifice is ever wasted, and the revolt was crushed that very afternoon, in what Murat referred to as a "bath of blood." The two young officers were shot, and by their death secured their immortality in Spain. Madrid was stunned, but the news soon was carried to the neighbouring little towns, by men escaping from the massacre.

Out on the Castilian steppes, fifteen or sixteen miles from Madrid, there lies a little town called Mostoles. It lies, almost as one might say, "à fleur d'eau" on the great brown plain. The high road to Portugal passes down its long main street. Even to-day it has but thirteen hundred citizens. In summer, the houses, built of sun-dried bricks, covered with plaster, are calcined by the sun. The winter winds, sweeping down from La Sierra de Guadarrama, scourge it pitilessly. For nine months of the year, dust covers everything, falling on man and beast, on the few moribund acacias in the plaza, turning all to the colour of a rabbit's back. During the other three it is a slough of mud that wheel-borne traffic and the long strings of donkeys and mules straggle through painfully. Far off the Sierra of Guadalupe and the Gredos are just visible as faint blue lines hardly to be picked out from the clouds, except in certain states of atmosphere. In the short, fierce summer the mirage spreads illusory pools over the surface of the plain, and in the winter mornings, after a sharp frost, the woods along the foothills of the Guadarrama hang upside down upon the sky. Along the road are dotted many other little dusty towns, all with their little plaza, great church, large enough for larger congregations than they ever hold, their apothecary's with leeches in a glass jar at the door, and fly-blown patent medicines in the window, and barber's shop, that serves as news exchange.

Upon the second of May of the year 1808 news filtered through to Mostoles that there had been a massacre in the capital. The seventeen kilometres of high road could easily be covered on a good horse within two hours, and it is not to be supposed the rider spared the spur.

As it was written, one Andres Torrejon happened to be Alcalde of the place. An honest countryman of six and sixty years of age, in all his life he had never had occasion to show what he was worth. What he was like to the outward visible eye is but a matter of conjecture. Most probably a square built, round faced Castilian farmer, his cheeks stubbly with a week's growth of beard, the village barber shore but on a Sunday morning, sparing of speech, yet full of sayings fitted to every accident of life. His dress, that has but little varied, even to-day, knee breeches of dark cloth, his jacket short, showing a double breasted flowered waistcoat of a sprigged pattern, his linen dazzlingly white, a black silk handkerchief bound like a turban round his head, the whole surmounted by a hard-brimmed, black felt hat, kept in place underneath his chin by a broad band of silk. His interior grace, his honesty, tenacity of purpose, and his

enthusiasm, slow to be excited, but when once moved, as irresistible as a landslide after rain, he has left stamped upon Castile. It will endure as long as her vast plains wave green with corn in spring, turn leather coloured under the fierce sun of summer, and in the winter when the keen frosts burn up all vegetation, stretch out desolate, with but the withered stalks of thistles, standing up ghost-like in the waste.

The nerves of all true patriots were on edge. Never since the days of the Saracens had the invaders' foot trodden Castilian soil. The news of the last outrage brought all the people out into the plaza before the parish church of the Ascension, a mosque, tradition says, in the days Spanish peasants always refer to as "the time of the Moors." All over Spain the people's nerves were twitching, but yet the heavy hand of Murat had deprived them of all spirit of revolt.

It happened, luckily for Andres Torrejon, that the ex-Secretary of the Admiralty under Charles IV, Juan Perez Vilamil, was living in the town, having refused to recognize King Joseph and his usurping court. Long did the Alcalde and Vilamil talk over what was the best course to pursue. Then, after praying in the church, the Alcalde called a meeting of his rustic senators. The people thronged outside the council room, the very room in which to-day is set into the wall the tablet that commemorates what was resolved on that eventful afternoon in May. The peasant councillors sat round the council board, with their Alcalde in the chair. Perez and Gomez, Camacho, Lopez and Galván, all peasants, their hands furrowed with toil and weather, their shoulders rounded with the plough, their faces tanned to a deep brown by the hard climate of Castile, and their eyes twinkling deeply in their sockets, like the eyes of mariners, of Arabs and of all those who pass their lives upon illimitable plains, scorched by the wind and sun, all waited for what "Uncle Andres" would say.

Rising with due deliberation from his seat, after having taken off his hat and placed it carefully beside him on the table, the Alcalde told of what had happened in Madrid. His actual words are not recorded, only the substance of his speech. As he spoke of the massacre, the shooting down of women and of children in the streets, the execution of the prisoners drawn up opposite a wall, and of the people who had died trampled beneath the horses of the Mameluke infidel, his hearers' hands stole to their sashes, and muttering "Death to the 'Gabacho,'" they spat upon the floor. Sitting impassively like figures carved in walnut wood, the peasant council listened to their Alcalde as he told of how the country suffered under Napoleon's heel. Now and again one of them would assent in a half grunt, and any one who did not know them might have thought they were unmoved. As they sat with their heads a little sideways, their mouths half open, and their breath coming in short gusts that heaved their chests under their heavy rustic clothes, just as a barge heaves on a canal after a steamer passes, they seemed like animals about to spring upon their prey. The Alcalde recapitulated all their country's wrongs. The cuckold Charles IV a prisoner in France, the queen a harlot under the dominion of her lover of the day, the troops left without pay and led by officers who did not know their duty, and most of all the miserable French puppet king, lording it on the throne of Charles V. "Spain wants a leader, someone to show the way, to gather up the scattered bands of guerrilleros and above all a straight and downright declaration that the country is at war. No one has yet stepped out to lead us, although they slaughter us like flies, scorn us and spit on us; on us Castilians whose forefathers furnished the famous Spanish infantry, that swept through France and Italy like fire. Who would think we were the heirs of those who fought at San Quentin?"

The people of the town pressed round the iron grated windows of the council chamber, silent, but gazing on their rustic councillors, strung up with fury,

cursing their impotence. At last the speaker, tightening up his sash, wiping the foam and moisture from his lips, took a long breath, and after looking round to Vilamil, who nodded at him, said, "Friends and neighbours, I have served you faithfully for years. The time has come that I must now serve Spain. Therefore I, Andres Torrejon, duly elected the Alcalde of this town of Móstoles, do declare war against the French."

For a brief moment there was silence, silence so absolute that the breath of the people peering through the gratings of the windows sounded as loudly as when a horse upon a frosty morning pants up an incline. Then rising to their feet, the conscript peasants surrounded the Alcalde, grasping him by the hand, and shouting, "War, war to the knife; death to the assassins of Madrid." The people in the little plaza caught up the cry of "War, war to the knife. Uncle Andres has declared war upon the French!"

In the closing darkness of that night of May, Andres Torrejon sat down and penned his memorable pronouncement, the first and last that he was fated to indite, but one that made his name immortal throughout the Spanish-speaking world. "Our country is in peril, Madrid is perishing, the victim of the perfidy of the French. Spaniards, hasten to save her. May 2nd, 1808. El Alcalde de Móstoles." Nothing could have been more simple and direct, with just the touch of the ridiculous, that gives sublimity. His next act was to send the son of his old colleague on the council, Simon Hernandez, on a good horse to take his proclamation to the Alcaldes of the neighbouring towns. At once he mounted and first reaching Navalcarnero, left the fiery cross. Alcorcón, Navalmorál and Escalona all received the message, and all of them at once declared war on the French. The messenger crossed the Alberche and pushed on westwards, riding without a stop across the plains all through that fateful night in May. In two days' riding he reached Badajoz, his horse still fresh, after having covered nearly two hundred miles. The city rose at once, and sent on word to Cáceres. Cáceres passed on the signal and by the end of May all Spain had risen, not like an ordinary country rises in such circumstances, but town by town, village by village, each declared war upon the French.

The rest is history, the coming of the great "Lor Vilanton" as he was called in the Spain of those days, with the English troops, and the long war of the Peninsula. The hour had struck and from that moment Napoleon's star began to pale, Moscow completed that which Móstoles began, and when the French recrossed the swift Borysthene, slaughtered like sheep by the pursuing Cossacks, their ruin (after God) they owed to the Alcalde of the little town, sun dried and wind scorched, in the Castilian plains.

THE THEATRE KING AND EMPIRE

BY IVOR BROWN

King Henry VIII. Authorship Disputed. The Empire Theatre.

IT was a brave act of Miss Thorndike's to bring "Shakespeare" into Leicester Square and to pluck bright honour from the home of film, ballet and revue. And still braver does it seem when one reflects how little Shakespearean this "Shakespeare" is. There is an aptness in loading this particular stage with the Jacobean-Tudor furniture of regal spectacle. It is the right house for unlimited cloth of gold. A pageant with a few "fat" scenes added—and much wadding of skimble-skamble verse—is this to draw the town? It should, for it is handsomely done. If you have a taste for Holbein, there await you tableaux of consummate beauty. Mr. Charles

Ricketts has gone Tudor with delicacy and delight. The prelude to an evening at the Empire in the old days was an afternoon at Hurst Park. Now, for the proper introduction to the Empire, you can spare yourself the extra mile and spend the day at Hampton Court. Another reason for success is obvious. On the whole the multitude is shy of Shakespeare. Well, there is little Shakespeare to be source of shyness here. The more the groundlings are terrified of the bard the more courageously can they face Harry.

I do not propose to put critical carving-knife to the text and start serving it round the table of the Mermaid Tavern, this slice for Fletcher, that for Shakespeare, and so forth. Who am I to defy the sagacities of Spedding, to throw a gauntlet to the learned Fleay, and to tread the coat-tails of all the specialists in scansional niceties? Let us rather assume that Fletcher was the chief artificer and lament that Fletcher's verse, like Mr. A. A. Milne's robin, goes hoppity-hoppity. Unlike Shakespeare, Fletcher could not often combine a weak ending with a strong body in his line. Yet he might have turned out a good play to poor music, effecting, as it were, a triumph of mind over metre. The task of turning out a court pageant for a nuptial occasion did not move him to mighty conceptions. Shakespeare, as I see it, perused the copy in some editorial chair off-stage at the Globe and only threw in a bit of his own when the hoppity-hoppity struck him as completely insufferable. Take Queen Katherine's parting scene. In her penultimate speech the Queen is making last will and testament in the worst vein of hoppity-hoppity:

My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by;

Shakespeare passed that, let us hope, with a shake of the head for plodding John's incompetence. But he had not got it in his heart to let the Queen pass to such a jiggling of trivialities. Poor Kate! She deserved a farewell to match her suffering. So chivalrous Will put the blue pencil to Fletcher's final futility and scribbled in his noble valedictory:

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness,
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

The first is weak enough for the rawest cub of the Mermaid breed. The second is strong enough for Shakespeare's Cleopatra. If any man tells me that the same hand wrote both these speeches (they are separated by only a few lines) he is beyond my powers of persuasion. I can no more.

So the play ambles up and down. We begin with Buckingham, and Buckingham is a bore. It is, by tradition, a dar-rling part, a dar-rling part, as Mr. O'Casey's Joxer Daly would say. But actors are usually the worst judges of their craft. Because Buckingham has to hold up his own procession to the block and orate at some length under the edge of the axe, his rôle is held to be "good theatre." Unfortunately his swan-song is hoppity-hoppity of the bleakest order:

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;

Mr. Arthur Wontner goes axe-ward in the beautified manner that is inevitable. That I felt no pang for ducal distress was no fault of the actor. So much for Buckingham.

Mr. Norman V. Norman's Henry is intensely interesting. The actor has no scruples about making the king "a card." He waddles, jerkily petulant, from one beastliness to another, every inch a commoner. There is a complete breach here with the beautified tradition. The make-up is good Tudor; the manner has a modern satiric tartness. The silhouette may be the line of Holbein, but the voice is the voice of John. Once below the jerkin and this is Harry in plain clothes. Mr. Norman alone should fill the theatre with connoisseurs of acting. Miss Thorndike ennobles the part of suffering Kate. I like this actress most when she is strident and gaunt, like a leafless tree that stands staunch before the hurricanes of calamity. What's Kate to Hecuba? But Miss Thorndike is an actress. Resignation may not be her natural bent, but she can mould herself to patience and forgiveness, and she beautifully fills the central place in the Tudor medallion struck by Mr. Ricketts. Wolsey's ambition does not move Mr. Lyall Swete to any notable surge of spirit or subtleties of disillusion, and on the first night he seemed a little flat. His cardinal only set me thinking of his Warwick. Miss Angela Baddeley is pretty and poignant as Anne Bullen. Girlishness is part of the tradition, though Anne did not, by any means, go direct from nursery to nuptials, and Miss Baddeley adds personal decoration to the conventional rendering. Whatever Miss Ada King touches she adorns. We are accustomed to hear her as the voice of the London street, giving the accuracy of the legitimate stage to those sharp, knowing old faggots with tippets of doubtful fur whom the music-hall used so richly to burlesque. Now she emerges as a racy old lady of Henry's court, a spiritual cousin of Juliet's nurse, and wears the elegant uniform of her day as easily as if "costume" had been her only wear; her assumption of Tudorism, it need hardly be said, goes far more than garment-deep.

PEDLAR'S PACK

THE case of Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, who has been asked by the *Sex Viri* to resign from the Readership of Bio-Chemistry at Cambridge University, following his appearance as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court, raises an extremely controversial subject. How far should the private morals of a man be allowed to affect official judgment of his work? Mr. Haldane is a particularly brilliant young scientist, with considerable achievements already to his credit and the opportunity of a big future before him. I know opinions differ violently, but I cannot myself see why a social misdemeanour should be followed by professional ostracization. If social Cambridge chose to boycott from its drawing rooms a man who had offended it, that would be one thing; but for academic Cambridge to expel him from its lecture rooms would be another. Is it probable that the private life of a lecturer is going to have an adverse effect on the morals of those who attend his lectures?

Pedlar's Pack—continued.

An outcry against psycho-therapy has followed the holding of an inquest on a young barrister who had put an end to himself as a result of treatment by a psycho-analyst. This arguing from the particular to the general is typical of a certain kind of mind. It is true that cases of what is known as an "inferiority complex" are sometimes definitely worsened by treatment; it is also true that quacks and charlatans have imposed upon the public and done great harm, though this is not the fault of the science, but largely of the foolish people who regard it as a new and fashionable game. But it is extremely doubtful whether anything like so much harm is done in the year by the wrong and clumsy application of psycho-analysis as by faulty diagnosis by ordinary medical practitioners. Someone, I see, wrote to the papers to say that we are "not meant" to probe the mysteries of the subconscious. There are always people who will write like that. Perhaps we are "not meant" to probe the secrets of science because every now and then a scientist blows himself up.

* * *

After more than five strenuous years Mr. Norman Macdermott is giving up his tenancy of the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead, which he founded and directed. Anyone who has ever produced a single play must understand what labours are involved in maintaining a theatre where there is a constant change of programme, where the material resources are small, and where there is a high standard of acting and decoration. Mr. Macdermott was unfortunate in not discovering in Hampstead a loyal and consistent public who would back him up all the year round. The Americans call their little theatres Community theatres and unless a manager can become the centre of a common loyalty which will support him when his luck is out as well as when it is in, the combined load of financial troubles and artistic labours are bound to prove crushing. The list of plays produced at Hampstead during the directorate of Mr. Macdermott is really a fine one. He has had some popular successes but not enough, and he has given our younger players some admirable chances of gaining experience. It is to be hoped that new troops will occupy the Drill Hall which Mr. Macdermott converted into a theatre in the Autumn of 1920.

* * *

I have been reading Mr. Ivor Brown's 'Smithfield Preserv'd' in the acting edition just issued by Messrs. French (1s. net). Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW in particular will remember this little masterpiece of satirical parody, which was performed by the Dramatic Critics' Circle at the Actors' Garden Party last summer. The prologue was at that time printed in these columns, and very witty reading it made. What could be neater than these four lines in criticism of the prevailing taste for the "sex drama"?

We know a Bankhead where the wild times grow
And Best is worse; one worse we mean to go.
Critics rush in where amorous Angels fall
And conscience doth make Cowards of us all.

Until the Dramatic Critic of the SATURDAY drew attention to it I doubt whether anyone realized what a superabundance of resounding oaths and epithets was to be drawn from the jargon of butchery. If they can stomach the meat, 'Smithfield Preserv'd' should make a good play for amateurs as a change from 'Tilly of Bloomsbury.' The two districts are contiguous geographically, but worlds apart in the manner in which they are treated in these two plays.

* * *

The Australian Selection Committee has been able to agree on the bulk of next season's team rather earlier than was expected. Twelve men have been

chosen and one of the three remaining places must go to a reserve wicket-keeper, either Love or Ellis. The twelve already named are more impressive in batting than in bowling. Gregory is not so dependable as he was, Mailey has been out of form lately, and Grimmett, if Hobbs's opinion is to be trusted, may become less formidable when he grows less novel. It is possible then that J. D. Scott, who has been bowling finely, may yet be picked, in spite of his age. The most welcome name among the twelve is, I think, that of Macartney, whose Test Match career has been sadly interrupted by ill health and loss of form. On the whole the impression made by the list is that in Australia, as here, there is an almost embarrassing wealth of excellent players, but rather a dearth of men who, as they say, pick themselves.

* * *

This week's prize for ambiguity is awarded to the author of the following sentence, "anent" (as perhaps he would say) the recent gale, culled from an evening paper: "People were up in the small hours taking coffee and playing gramophones to drown the noise of the storm." The little comma, and how much it means!

TALLYMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

* *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

* *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

THE CASE OF DR. LLOYD

SIR,—It is most gratifying to find that you are not allowing this matter to drop. The treatment of Dr. Lloyd amounts to flagrant oppression, a view which is confirmed by a perusal of the detailed report of the inquiry as published recently by the *British Medical Journal*. From that one learns that Dr. Lloyd did nothing worse than communicate information to a journalist for an anonymous article in the newspapers, and communicate with would-be patients, although they had not previously communicated with him. For these trivial offences, if they are offences, he has been thrust out of his profession. The most unpleasant feature of the case is the complacency with which medical men assume that even small breaches of a hide-bound medical etiquette justify the professional ruin of a man whose honesty and competence are not in dispute.

I am, etc.,

THEODORE D. LOWE

Earlth, West Kilbride, Glasgow

SCOTLAND'S CHRISTMAS BOX

SIR,—In a delightful address to the Dialectic Society of Glasgow University the Master of Balliol reminded us that one of the greatest contributions of Scotland to democracy was that it gave to England a line of kings so intolerable that even the English could not stand them.

A more modern illustration is in what politicians refer to as "Alternative Methods of Construction," and the common people call "The Steel House." In a sense this is a re-incarnation of the Stuart dynasty; but the Stuarts were, we are told, good to look at—if not to live under. When the "Alternative Methods of Construction" were submitted to the English people, and "demonstrated" at the public expense, the English housing trades expressed their thoughts in deeds by an extraordinary increase in the production of



Dramatis Personæ. No. 184.

By 'Quiz.'

SIR EDWARD MARSHALL-HALL, K.C.

orthodox houses from 61,000—1910 to 1914 average—to 159,000 in 1925.

The Steel House, like the Stuarts, they ignored. Three months ago a very generous offer was made to Scotland to adopt "Alternative Methods of Construction," but following the Southern example, the offer also was ignored.

In these circumstances the Government's Christmas gift to Scotland of two thousand houses is open to argument. Is it a spirited adventure in Socialism, or is it a policy of pique, or does it make for peace? Industrial peace at present is more important than prestige or promises, and immediately the building of these houses is begun we shall have an epidemic of unrest. The housing problem in Scotland is not hopeless; nothing here is; it lacks insight, a lot of lubrication, and perhaps a little patience with a serious people seeking a safe remedy for an inherited evil.

I am, etc.,

Glasgow "A CONSERVATIVE EMPLOYER"

RIMA

SIR,—In reply to Joshua Brookes may I say that the people he has named as being in the "true line of the tradition of English art and literature" owed nearly everything to foreign influences? The Bible (Jewish), the Greeks, the Romans, the Italian Renaissance, French culture, to mention only a few of the foreign influences, have made English tradition what it is. Shakespeare himself was subject to these influences; in modern times a man of foreign extraction made the Queen of England Empress of India, and an Irishman is the leading English dramatist, while the most famous English painters to-day are Welsh, Irish and Scottish.

At the same time the great characteristics of the English have in their turn been an influence in the world—and the chief of these perhaps has been tolerance—a quality not shared by Mr. Brookes, who, if he reads his history, will find that English genius has never been narrow or bigoted.

I am, etc.,

AMELIA DEFRIES

THE WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE

SIR,—For some years past you have allowed me space in your paper at Christmas time to make an appeal on behalf of the above League. It is an excellently managed effort to alleviate the distress among our unemployed and poverty-stricken people during the winter—and this season may be a severe one. The Unemployment Insurance Benefit and the Poor Law do, to a great extent, prevent absolute destitution, but they do not prevent acute distress in numbers of special cases among sober and honest working people. Everyone who lives and works in the sad end of big cities knows that. It takes a clever woman, even if all goes well, to make both ends meet on the State and Rate provision, and all women are not clever, and in this world all does not go well.

We have a carefully thought-out scheme whereby men work for what they get. There are many charitable institutions such as hospitals, crèches, etc., where the necessary works of repairing or improvement cannot be carried out for lack of funds. To these institutions we send our unemployed men, and pay their wages—thus creating employment for the men, providing a living for their dependents, and at the same time helping needy institutions. We also get men rigged out so that they can go to work; and we send to the country children insufficiently nourished. Help us, and we will guide your gift to meet real need. We do not waste money on administration. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Neville, Secretary, Winter Distress League, 23 Bedford Row, W.C.1.

I am, etc.,

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE industry of scholars has filled up, and even over-filled, such gaps as existed in literary history a generation ago, and it is almost with despair that the research worker looks about him for some task already not done several times by predecessors. But Dr. J. H. Philpot has really discovered something worth the doing. By an inexplicable neglect, there has so far existed in English only one satisfactory sketch of the career and works of Wace, the necessarily brief article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' Now in 'Maistre Wace' (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net) Dr. Philpot gives the general reader a clear and judicious account of that "pioneer in two literatures" with translations of excerpts for the benefit of those who are frightened by the not very vast difficulties of Norman-French.

Messrs. Macmillan send us an excellently printed three-volume edition of the Works of Shakespeare, edited by Mr. Whibley and published at the remarkably low figure of 7s. 6d. each.

'Margaret Morris Dancing' (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net) owes much of its value to the admirable photographs by Mr. Daniels, who is not professionally or privately a photographer, but who proves himself to be a master of this difficult business of rendering the dance with a camera. Miss Morris adds an explanation of her aims and technique.

'The Oak Collector' (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net) is a book apparently well suited to the requirements of the collector of modest ambitions. It brings the story of oak furniture down to a somewhat later period than most such books do. There are sixty illustrations and a glossary.

'The Diplomatic Relations of Portugal' (Voss and Michael, Watford, 16s. net) is by a well-known authority, Mr. Edgar Prestage. It covers the period 1640-1668 thoroughly, and will appeal to students of a somewhat confused period of history, though scarcely to the patron of the circulating libraries.

'The Pagan Background of Early Christianity' (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. net) by Professor W. R. Halliday is, in the good sense, a popular treatment of a subject seldom handled in the manner which the ordinary reader would desire. There are chapters on the Eastern and Western elements in Græco-Roman civilization, on Mithraism, on the similarity of Christian and pagan ritual.

The unluckiest of all regimental histories, begun by the late Wilfrid Ewart, continued by the late Mr. Loraine Petre, eventually entrusted to Major-Gen. Sir Cecil Lowther, has now appeared: 'The Scots Guards in the Great War' (Murray, 21s. net). We can only draw attention to the vivid accounts of the first and the third battles of Ypres, and to the care for detail shown by the authors.

Canon J. A. R. Brookes seems to have some ulterior purpose in his book on 'Murder in Fact and Fiction' (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d. net), but in our brief examination of his work we have been unable to discover it. Possibly he is seeking to relate murder to intellectual anarchy. "The critic who professes to find in minor poets like Yeates (*sic*), Thompson or Bottomley the superior of Tennyson" is thus, perhaps, the unconscious accomplice of the murderer. But this theory, if indeed it be held by Canon Brookes, does not differentiate his book from the popular rehashes of crime produced with less pretentiousness.

'Occasions' (Mowbray, 5s. net) gives us the text of such notable addresses as those delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the League of Nations, Empire Day at Wembley, the tercentenary of the first folio of Shakespeare. Many will be glad to have a book in which every discourse is worthy of its occasion.

REVIEWS

THE PROFESSORS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Background of English Literature. By H. J. C. Grierson. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

ON the only occasion when Professor Grierson met Oscar Wilde that never yet fully explained portent observed, "I like exotics." It would not be quite fair to say that Professor Grierson tells this story by way of emphasizing his own dislike of exotics. He does not dislike them: he asks here, who will deny their charm? But the fact remains, and it is the most obvious fact that emerges from his book, that he considers native growths to be of greater importance. He believes in a main stream of English literature and he thinks that what is the main stream means more to us than anything which may seek to draw us up the most alluring of backwaters.

These papers are of various, all of occasional, origins, lectures and addresses here and there and introductions to books. The collection does not, as the short title rather misleadingly suggests, all deal with a subject that might have filled a whole volume instead of being treated, as it is here, in less than forty pages, which formed the author's opening lecture at Edinburgh. But the collection has none the less a unity, because the author has a point of view which he is generally concerned to demonstrate as persuasively as he can.

There was a time (I think it is now vanishing) when, chiefly under the leadership of that stout literary *sans-culotte*, Mr. Arnold Bennett, it was the custom to deplore the fact that the youth of England should take its views on good literature from mere "professors." I will go so far as to agree that there are arguments against the teaching of English literature under a formal curriculum in the Universities. But it cannot be argued that the professors of this subject have had a benumbing effect in recent years or that they are, as a body, anything but a worthy part of recent literature. They have been quite conspicuously not dry-as-dust or deadening. The first Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge was A. W. Verrall. The appointment may have been mistaken, in that he was lecturing before for the love of it and would probably have gone on doing so without title or emolument. But no one who has reverently listened to that paralyzed old man, so helpless that the lecturer's glass of water had to be raised to his lips by an attendant, passionately commenting on and declaiming the odes of Dryden, will ever suppose that his influence was deadening. It was both morally and intellectually enlivening. It made the love of good literature an inspiring and fertilizing thing.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who followed Verrall, expressed his passion with a good deal of that wit which tempers passion. But, as he once modestly remarked, he has had experience, in however small a way, of the manner in which literature is created. He too was not deadening but enlivening. Classics that seemed to be cased in comment as if in shells of cement came alive before the eyes of his audience in the lecture-room and, in private, he gave to more than one young man illuminating hints on the processes of creation, as from an older practitioner, which have since borne ample fruit. I name these two merely because I myself sat under them and vividly remember them. But if one adds the names of Bradley, Raleigh, Saintsbury and Elton, then the case of the professors is overwhelming. Our literature to-day would be poorer if we had been without them.

Among this band Professor Grierson belongs of right, because he is not concerned merely with teaching in the narrow sense, with showing his pupils short cuts to an appreciation which their own industry might in time have enabled them to discover for themselves. There is something to be said for teaching in this sense, as well as against it; but the criticism Professor Grierson has collected here is on a different plane and has a different intention. It is constructive and combative criticism, it has a point of view, and it boldly propounds that point of view as a touchstone for literary values. It might almost be said, when one is considering a Professor of English Literature, that any point of view is better than none, for even a wrong-headed one will drive pupils to think for themselves while a recital of obvious comments, however true, risks throwing them into a gorged lethargy of the mind. But the opinion which seems to me to be the pivot of almost all that Professor Grierson writes cannot be said by any man to be wrong-headed, though any man is at liberty to dispute it or qualify it. It is an opinion nowhere stated as a formula and what Professor Grierson has not done it is as well for any interpreter to avoid as far as he can. But that it is a living principle in this critic's mind is evident from his frequent return to it. It is best expressed, perhaps, in a passage from which I have already quoted. In Blake:

The prophet was too much for the poet, and his work is fragmentary and imperfect. His attempt to write the history of the human spirit, its warfare and redemption, is chaotic and in great measure unintelligible. Yet he was an inspired poet, and his fault is that of the other great romantics, Wordsworth and Shelley. They had more to say than they would always be patient enough to shape perfectly. "Curb your imagination and load every rift with ore," were the wise words of the artist Keats to the prophet Shelley. But if a poet may be too much a prophet may he not be too purely and cunningly an artist? Gray's inspiration was made sterile by his too learned regard for art. The pre-Raphaelites had all the art which Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley were too careless of. Their medieval and Greek reproductions, their sonnets and sestina and canzoni are wonderful exotics. "I like exotics," Oscar Wilde said to the present writer on the one occasion on which he met him, and we spoke of Rossetti and Wordsworth; and who will deny their charm? But there is a fragrance of the wild flower which the exotic wants, and in poetry the source of that fragrance is love and sympathy.

Here most obviously, but not only here, Professor Grierson protests against the undue elevation of the poet who empties out the most of life in order that he may perfectly express the little he leaves himself.

I have no space here to describe the arguments he raises on this basis, to support or to dispute his point of view. It is one that goes to the roots of criticism and one may use it, as he does, equally in an estimation of Byron and in an estimation of Blake. What is important about it is that it is a positive and constructive point of view, one that makes a stimulating departure for trains of thought on many subjects. Further, it is combative and its application challenges many received opinions. The Professor of English Literature who can take up such a position cannot be suspected of having a deadening influence on his pupils; and Professor Grierson's pupils are to be envied.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

The Later Correspondence of Lord John Russell, 1840-1878. Edited by G. P. Gooch. 2 vols. Longmans. 32s. net.

MR. GOOCH'S editorial work has the thoroughness, scholarship, and distinction we have come to expect from him, and to the present collection of Lord John Russell's later correspondence he prefixes an illuminating survey of English politics in the central period of the Victorian age. As he truly says, it is possible for the twentieth century historian to hold the scales even between the rivals of the mid-nineteenth century, and Mr. Gooch adds practice to precept. We

are more inclined to disagree with his interpretation of personality than with his criticisms of policy. In particular we are not quite convinced by his defence of Lord John Russell against the charge of overbearing conduct. Mr. Gooch, however, is no apologist and where we disagree he himself supplies the evidence on the other side. Russell's resignation in January, 1855, he characterizes "the gravest error of his political life," and he quotes the observation of Countess Bernstorff, wife of the German Ambassador: "He wishes," she said, "to slip out by a back-way in order to come in by the front door." Rightly or wrongly, his action was universally condemned at the time, by his friends no less than by his enemies, and the editor of his correspondence does not dissent. The present volumes of letters, which are supplementary to those already published in Sir Spencer Walpole's official biography, considerably augment the evidence on which we may form our judgment of the decisive turning points of his career.

In the year 1840 when these letters begin, the Prime Minister was the aged and indolent cynic Melbourne. "He is all in all at Buckingham Palace," noted Greville in his journal, "but very little in Downing Street." The cordial relations then existing between the Prime Minister and the Queen are in contrast with those which prevailed after Lord John Russell became Prime Minister. After his retirement he presented to the Queen a copy of his 'Recollections and Suggestions' and in reply received a letter which begins as follows: "The Queen is very grateful to Lord Russell for sending her the volume containing a summary of his political career which she will read with much interest, containing as it does so much with which she was connected." The letter does not continue quite in the tone the italics would suggest, and the Queen goes on to express her gratitude for Russell's services when the Prince Consort had been calumniated on the eve of the Crimean War. But, almost throughout, the evidence is clear that the relations with the Crown, of such a "civil and religious liberty Whig" as John Russell, were distinctly lacking in cordiality. Russell indeed does not seem to have been specially blessed with the gift of easy co-operation, either with his sovereign or his colleagues. Difficulties in personal relations take up a disproportionate share of the history of the time. The recurrent difficulties between Lord John Russell and Palmerston are of course particularly notorious and here certainly Russell cannot be blamed. The vagaries of Palmerston indeed almost passed belief.

With Aberdeen, Russell's relations did not terminate very happily. To enter Aberdeen's ministry in a subordinate capacity after being Premier for six years taxed his capacity for self-sacrifice somewhat severely. "Lord John is the one source of trouble and weakness," wrote Aberdeen's son Arthur Gordon. "We cannot exist with or without him. Wayward, uncertain, querulous, it is impossible to imagine what he may or may not do next." It was in these circumstances that, as we have already seen, Russell resigned, only to express two days later his willingness to return if Palmerston went to the War Office. But, as Mr. Gooch concisely comments, "Aberdeen had had enough."

Russell "inherited a name which was itself a programme." His most important achievements were in regard to Parliamentary reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws. For better or worse the Edinburgh letter of November, 1845, "sounded the death-knell of agricultural Protection," and the Reform Act of 1867, though carried by Disraeli, "was none the less the child of Russell, Gladstone and Bright." Abroad he had helped the nationalist and constitutional movements with which England traditionally sympathized. As we survey his long and eventful career we find little, however, to disturb the verdict of Cobden in 1846. "The

Whig leader," he wrote, "is great upon questions of a constitutional character, but his mind is less adapted for the mastery of economical questions, and he attaches less importance to them." None the less his share in the making of modern England was a great one, and all who prefer their history first-hand will consult these letters, so excellently edited by Mr. Gooch.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

The Rise of Modern Industry. By J. C. Hammond and B. Hammond. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

IT was not by accident but through a logical series of developments, complex yet clearly traceable, that the Industrial Revolution and the great burst of invention which was its immediate cause took place in eighteenth-century England. There was nothing novel in capitalism itself—Rome had had it and also medieval Venice, and it began with us at least three centuries before the Industrial Revolution. What was new was its application to the production and commerce, not of luxuries for the rich, but of staple articles for the mass of the people which could be turned out and marketed on a large scale.

There were several necessary conditions before this revolution could be brought about. It was imperative that the spirit of the Middle Ages which discountenanced speculation should have been ousted by a spirit of active inquiry; that there should be internal free trade over a large and favourable area; that the power of law and custom which had made for "give-and-take" between consumer and producer and between master and man should have been followed by a steady accumulation of capital and credit held by a governing class strong enough to over-ride all opposition. There was in fact so much custom, prejudice and settled right to be trampled on that the Revolution could only be brought about by an exceptionally powerful ruling class fearing neither God, King, nor people, and having at the same time a strong bent for commerce and industry on the one hand and science on the other. When these essential conditions of evolution for a modern industrial system are worked out as clearly and convincingly as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have worked them out in this volume it becomes less of a wonder that Napoleon should have had to travel across Europe by much the same means as had Cæsar the better part of two thousand years before him. The absence of a thing apparently so spontaneous as mechanical invention in the ancient and medieval worlds, and its sudden astonishing leap into full activity two hundred years back, is thus given a satisfactory and reasonable explanation.

There are other difficulties which the writers have succeeded in clearing up. The great effects of the Napoleonic Wars, which originated the modern slum problem and the class hatreds at the bottom of the modern labour troubles, and did incalculable harm by forcing industry to a hothouse growth in England while effectively stunting it on the Continent, are also unravelled in a masterly way; and the Hammonds see in the shadow of the slave trade the reason for that inhuman attitude to the workers in revenge for which the trade unions are taking it out of us now:

... In adapting this new power to the satisfaction of its wants England could not escape from the moral atmosphere of the slave trade; the atmosphere in which it was the fashion to think of men as things. The West Indian slave trade was in this sense worse than the slave trade of the ancient world, for the slave brought from Delos to Italy was originally in theory an enemy whose life had been spared, but the slave carried to Jamaica was so much muscle to be appropriated and used by anybody who was strong enough to seize it. He was not a human being who had lost his rights in battle, but a piece of merchandise; he had no more in the way of human rights than a bar of iron, or a mass of lumber picked up by a wanderer on the sea shore.

The book takes the story down only to 1850, but it indicates the lines on which a new society was even then beginning to develop, curtailing one by one the sovereign rights of the capitalist and restoring on a new plane something of the old rough balance of power between employer and employee, consumer and producer, that had been enforced by law and custom during the Middle Ages.

It is an important and exceedingly well-written book, full of clear reasoning and apt illustration. The Industrial Revolution has a great fascination for present-day writers, both historians and others, who cannot help finding in it the key-period to recent history. No age is more variously misrepresented, partly from sheer political bias but perhaps more often from a failure to grasp essentials which leaves the student floundering in a mass of opinions and facts of which he can make whatever he pleases. 'The Rise of Modern Industry' is full of fresh material, but its outstanding merit is the reduction of this chaos to something approaching order and coherence.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The National Gallery. (The Netherlands, Germany and Spain.) By Sir Charles Holmes. Bell. 25s. net.

THE present volume is the second of three in which Sir Charles Holmes surveys the history of European art as illustrated at the National Gallery. The volume on the Italian schools has already appeared; that on the English and French schools is to come. Sir Charles does not generalize loosely in the manner so popular with art historians, nor is he over-minute in the manner of the specialists. He has compressed an almost incredible amount of close analysis, and technical as well as general criticism, into his limited space, so that while we never lose our sense of direction, or of the relationship between artists and schools, we are never bored with too rapid summaries by the way. At the same time he effects a perhaps rarer combination, that of enthusiasm with soundness. To be sound is so often to be dull, and to be enthusiastic is so often to be exaggerated, that we are surprised to find one who makes this happy combination, and we recognize in him the dual temper of critic and artist. We may disagree with certain of Sir Charles's estimates of merit; we may feel that he tends to be a little too generous for example, to Van Dyck; but never do we feel that he under-praises.

This work is intended for the general reader, but Sir Charles has not "popularized" his subject in the familiar offensive way. Although much of the information he gives is elementary, it is presented in such a manner that no reader need suffer the unpleasant feeling of being written down to. On the other hand there is a great deal in the book to interest and instruct the initiated. Unpretentious, but competent in style, Sir Charles carries us on with a subtle variety; historical aspects, critical aspects, design, colour, and content occupy his attention. The book is, in short, the work of a scholar and a painter, and one who is, none the less, entirely human.

A careful reading has not revealed any absolute errors, which is remarkable when one remembers the vast field covered. Certain controversial matter is occasionally stated dogmatically, but how could it be otherwise in so limited a space? On the other hand, Sir Charles is at considerable pains, wherever it is essential, to display differing points of view, and to give reasons for his own. Is it true, though, that Van Dyck was a pupil of Rubens? The most recent authorities, we understand, do not believe so; there is, at any rate, no conclusive evidence.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Andrew Bride of Paris. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable. 6s. net.

The Under-Dogs. By Hulbert Footner. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

The Man who was Lonely. By Kenneth Ingram. Damian Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Doda. By Marcu Beza. Translated by Lucy Byng. Bles. 5s. net.

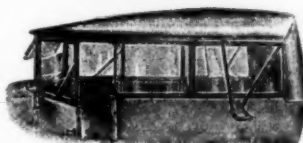
ANDREW BRIDE is a distinguished young American critic who, out of love with American materialism, leaves his native country to breathe the purer æsthetic airs of Paris. But on the boat he meets a compatriot, Miss Jackson, who regards him as a renegade and almost calls him one. The acquaintance, that had begun so hopefully for Andrew Bride, is nipped; the lady will have nothing to say to him when he confesses himself, after a term of anonymity, the renowned high-brow Americano-phobe and detractor of his country. Heart-stricken but obstinate Bride goes his way, becomes, so far as he can, "a very formal Frenchman in his habit," and draws a large salary from the American newspaper to which he contributes. How to win him back, body and soul, for America, is Mr. Harrison's problem. He solves it very neatly, with the help indeed of a *deus ex machina*, but a god who is not wholly a stranger to the scene. Miss Jackson would have had to take back the epithet "soft" if she could have seen her Frenchified André belabouring a fellow critic in a café. Something, no matter what, had put starch into him; he had not meant to defend America against a traducer, but he had acted in a manner acceptable to any thorough-going

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American, and a whimsical friend's bogus wire of congratulation was not quite beside the point:

Council meeting yesterday unanimously adopted resolution thanking you recent stalwart display red-blooded hundred per cent. Americanism. Engrossed text for framing forwarded to-day.

He had, as he tells the censorious Miss Jackson, "changed." Not, as one might think, into a prize-fighter, but into someone for whom the thought of returning to America had lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Still, the end is the least credible and convincing part of Mr. Harrison's book. The earlier chapters are gay, sophisticated, debonnair, distinguished; they seem, to quote the old epigram, to have been written by Mr. Harrison himself, whereas in the concluding pages he has taken the public as a collaborator. He is excellent at portraying humours, and the course of true love going awry; but when it straightens out, when the silver lining shows itself, he loses something of his individuality. Phrases like "don't," and "please, please," conventional understatements of emotion, creep into the dialogue, and the characters claw each other and adopt curious attitudes and movements: "he wheeled on her"; "he took a step toward her, obscurely, but shied off at once"; "he released her wrists, abruptly put his hands upon her shoulders." There is so little padding in the book that when it comes we cannot help noticing it. Another more important peculiarity, which seems at times to make the story unreal but which may be true of America, is this: the defection of Andrew Bride, a man prominent in his own profession but not, one supposes, known much outside it, is represented as convulsing the American nation. It is an event of almost international importance; in the eyes of patriots, an insult to a great country, in the eyes of literary innovators, a glorious declaration of freedom. No one appears to be indifferent to it or take it as a matter of course. If anyone abandoned England, disliking the weather or the food or the whole place, it would scarcely excite remark; certainly not moral indignation. It may be that Americans are more sensitive to criticism of their country than we are; but even so we must think that Mr. Harrison has overstepped the mark in letting the vagaries of his hero set a continent by the ears; and we cannot quite forgive Andrew Bride himself for accepting this notion of his cosmic significance; it diminishes his personality while it augments his self-importance. Everyone is important to himself; but it is the privilege of the few, and argues lack of humour in the many, to add a nation to their private responsibilities. Andrew Bride did take himself too seriously, but his history as a whole is most entertaining and some of its incidents are a pure joy.

'The Under-Dogs,' also, is an American novel, but it is concerned with the career, as a criminal detective, of a red-blooded hundred-per-cent. American hewman. It is an exceedingly good "shocker," with a great respect for probability and accuracy of detail. Stories of this kind usually assume for their background a nebulous, undifferentiated society, loosely compounded of the robbers and the robbed, over which violence plays as brilliantly and unilluminatingly as lightning at night. Mr. Hulbert Footner has gone to work more seriously; we can believe in the existence of the prison in which Mme. Rosika Storey spent some uncomfortable weeks before a very unwholesome influence got her out. We can believe in the four "toughs," apprentices in crime, with whom she lived at such close quarters and whose attentions gave her so much trouble; we can almost believe in Rosika herself, who, the better to bring the arch-criminal to justice, voluntarily underwent these experiences. We cannot believe in the female Watson through whose mouth the story is told; but her credibility is less important than her devotion. It is said that in America the word "mystery" is avoided in choosing the title for a book, because a man seen reading such a work

is liable to the charge of frivolity. To anyone who feels a qualm at reading, or being caught reading, a "shocker," we can confidently recommend 'The Under-Dogs'; besides being exciting it has information that might be found less palatably in a Blue-Book, and no one who has read it can be ignorant of life in the New York underworld or of the short-comings of the American prison system. The love-interest in the story, though it is subordinate to crime, stands on its own feet and has moments of beauty. Mr. Footner's treatment is never perfunctory; his criminals are good at their job, but they are also interesting as human beings.

Few novels are genuinely unequal; their quality varies little and we do not find them failing extravagantly at one point and succeeding extravagantly at another. In 'The Man who was Lonely,' however, there is an unusual mixture of good and bad. The hero, a young man of introspective habits, living in London with his mother and knowing at first literally no one else, peoples his life with figures of his imagination, and satisfies whatever instinct he has for society in the circle of this ghostly acquaintance. He meets a girl whose ready sympathy leads him to identify her with the best-loved of his phantoms; in time he loves her, but she cannot return his affection. Perhaps no one could; for the world of flesh and blood is much less real to him than the visionary world, and he liked Marjorie principally because she was ready to listen to him when he expounded his views and sought an explanation for the symbolism which haunted his sleeping and his waking thoughts. Ultimately he is drawn into the Roman Catholic Church. The story is at one time little more than a coating for this pill. But occasionally its naiveté, which is often ridiculous, does achieve, through its very unforcedness, effects of beauty which are none the less telling for being apparently accidental. They do, however, atone for the vagueness and frequent silliness of the narrative.

'Doda' is a story of Macedonian peasant life, told with extreme simplicity and with considerable pathos. The characters, however, are so rudimentary, and their relations so dependent upon outside circumstances, that they leave little mark on the mind; while their names are so outlandish, masculine always suggesting feminine and both unlike anything else, that the course of the story, brief as it is, is hard to follow. But the book leaves one with a sense of autumn and with a fragrance which seems to come rather from between the lines than from the lines themselves.

SHORTER NOTICES

Allenby of Armageddon. By Raymond Savage. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.

FOR the biographer of a great cavalry leader it must be confessed that Mr. Savage has but a pedestrian style. His life of Lord Allenby, on whose staff he served in Palestine, is nevertheless a good, honest piece of work, and deserves the word of commendation which Mr. Lloyd George allots to it in a brief preface. It begins with an account of Lord Allenby's early career in the army and his exploits in the South African War, but passes too hastily over the admirable work which he did as Inspector-General of Cavalry, his reward for which was the command of the Cavalry Division in France, where during the first years the part played by cavalry as such was virtually nil. After handling a Corps and then an Army in France, General Allenby's great opportunity came when he was appointed to the Egyptian Command in the middle of 1917. Mr. Savage gives an excellent account of the campaign, which resulted in the total destruction of Turkish opposition, and shows how much of the ultimate triumph was due to the confidence which the whole army came to have in the chief, who was known by the endearing and not ill-chosen appellation of "the Bull."

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My Polar Flight. By Roald Amundsen. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

IT is a pity that Captain Amundsen's publishers should describe this book on the jacket as an account of his "flight to the Pole." If that means anything, it means that he actually reached the North Pole, and it requires pretty careful reading of his brief narrative to realize that he had to turn back while he was still 136 miles short of his goal. Of course, as he says, the Pole is only a geographical point, and no one will wish to discredit the skill and courage shown by the sharers in this bold adventure. In addition to Captain Amundsen's own narrative, five others are added, of which the most vivid is contributed by Mr. Ellsworth. The difficulties of a flight across the Polar regions are well described, but no doubt it will be successfully accomplished before long.

The Old Straight Track. By Alfred Watkins. Methuen. 18s. net.

THREE or four years ago Mr. Watkins published a little book on the subject of trackways in prehistoric Britain. The present volume is an amplification of that work. His theme is the alignment across miles of country of objects, or sites of objects, which indicate those early tracks. "Such alignments," he remarks, somewhat naively, "are either facts beyond the possibility of accidental coincidence or they are not." He shows the impossibility of tracing the trackways from existing roads, such as the Pilgrim's Way, Stane Street, the Foss Way, etc., and considers that the only method by which any certainty can be arrived at is to take note of early artificial mounds, beacons, moats, sites and mark stones, which form the "logical starting point" for a thorough investigation of the subject. With Roman roads he is not concerned.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) will not, in future, be eligible as prizes for the Acrostic competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 200.

"WHAT'S HIDDEN IN OUR PILLARS TWAIN?"
MY ANNUAL GREETING THEY CONTAIN.

1. First in his mind yon glorious temple rose.
2. Smooth walls I climb, thanks to my padded toes.
3. Thrives in our lakes and blossoms in our beds.
4. Colours thus called are yellows, browns, and reds.
5. Shameful! In it a cricketer I spy!
6. His tunic donned, the hero's doomed to die.
7. A foreign fruit behead and eke curtail.
8. Much noise there may be, and yet this shall fail.
9. Transpose a governor of high degree.
10. Forms of decorum known to you and me.
11. Used by the joiner when he plies his trade.
12. Disturbance by excited noodle made.

Solution of Acrostic No. 198.

B otto M¹
E xcitabl E
E ternit Y
T rombon E
H eadgea R
O r B²
V oic E
E ightscor E
N ewcome R

¹ "O Bottom, thou art changed!"

"And left sweet Pyramus translated there."

"This is a knavery of them to make me afraid."

Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1.

² Mound is from the French monde.
(Mundus, the earth.)

ACROSTIC No. 198.—The winner is Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich, S.E.21, who has selected as her prize 'Human Shows: Far Phantasies,' by Thomas Hardy, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on December 19. Twenty other competitors chose this book, 23 named 'George Westover,' 24 'The Letters of Jane Austen,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Armadale, Baldersby, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boryke, Mrs. Robert Brown, C. H. Burton, Ceyx, Lionel Cresswell, Crucible, Doric, Dormouse, East Sheen, Farsdon, Iago, Jop, Lar, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, Madge, Margaret, Martha, Melville, Met, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Parvus, Peg, F. M. Petty, Plumbago, Pussy, Shorwell, Torts, Trike, Twyford, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Yewden, Zero, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Baitho, Beechworth, Rosa H. Boothroyd, Brevis, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, C. A. S., Chip, V. H. Coleman, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dolmar, E. K. P., G. M. Fowler, Hanworth, D. Leeper, G. W. Miller, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Oak-apple, Quis, R. Ransom, M. Story, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Varach.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Ruth Bevan, W. F. Born, Boskerris, Buster, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Cyril E. Ford, Kirkton, F. Sheridan Lea, Ruby Macpherson, Rho Kappa, F. N. Smith, Stanfield, Still Waters, St. Ives, V. G. Wilson.

No. 197.—CORRECT: East Sheen, Hanworth, Rho Kappa, Tyro, F. Wallace-Hadrill, Zyk. ONE LIGHT WRONG: Baldersby, Ruth Bevan, A. de V. Blathwayt, Rosa H. Boothroyd, Buster, Mrs. J. Butler, C. A. S., Lionel Cresswell, Crucible, Doric, Reginald Eccles, G. W., Vera Hope, Iago, Lar, Margaret, L. M. Maxwell, Marian Middlemist, Parvus, Sir Joseph Tichborne. TWO LIGHTS WRONG: A. H. B., C. H. Burton, Maud Crowther, Coque, Dormouse, G. M. Fowler, H. E. Du C. Norris, Vron.

No. 196.—CORRECT: Mrs. Robt. Brown, Gil. ONE LIGHT WRONG: Peter.

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The British Italian Banking Corporation, Ltd.

MOTORING

NEW IDEAS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

NO fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand new motor vehicles have appeared on our roads in addition to those already in use twelve months ago. This large increase in one year has suggested ideas to the motoring industry which they wish to carry into effect during the present year. With more than one million and a half motors in Great Britain, there is an ever increasing stock of second-hand cars accumulating. Consequently the industry, as represented by the retailers, has decided to hold a "Used Car and Motor Cycle Show" at the Royal Agricultural Hall from March 18 to 27, inclusive. The exhibitors will be recognized motor vehicle and motor cycle selling agents and dealers, and the goods to be staged will consist of registered cars and other vehicles of approved makes, which have been the property of private motorists, issued from the manufacturers' works on a date subsequent to January 1, 1922, and prior to September 1, 1925. Thus the cars and motor cycles will not be more than three years old, and probably have been taken in part exchange by the dealers for new vehicles. The price of each vehicle exhibited is to be clearly indicated, and incorporated in the description of the exhibit in the show catalogue. Probably those prices will be the figure the exhibitor hopes to get, though he may be prepared to consider a near offer. This scheme points to the glut of second-hand cars and the effort to introduce motoring to people who cannot or will not buy new vehicles on account of their cost, but who are prepared to buy motors at low prices.

* * *

Another scheme for dealing with the second-hand

cars at present in the hands of the dealers is a co-operative one, in which the subscribers offer cars to an association, which agrees to buy cars at their second-hand value according to a fortnightly market list. This helps the trade to accommodate customers, who wish to sell an old car as part payment for a new one, without having to offer an extravagant allowance for the used vehicle or compete in price with each other. By this scheme it is hoped to save the retailers the losses now made on part exchange deals for new cars; but whether it will mature into a business reality remains to be seen. All these schemes are evidence that the retail traders are realizing at last that they must diminish their charges to the public if they wish to remain in business.

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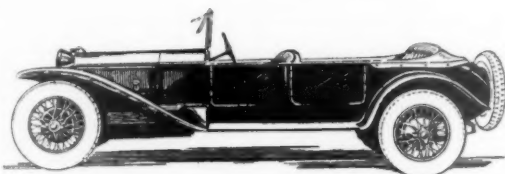
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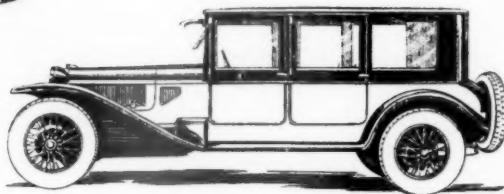
The car seems to *skim* over potholes and bumps, and while I have no doubt that the wheels and back axle are in a state of infernal activity, nothing of it is communicated to the driver or passengers.

John Prioleau in the "Daily Mirror,"
December 11.



SPEED WITH SAFETY

The Lambda is a fast car, both on the level and uphill, but it is pre-eminently a safe one. That is the outstanding impression I got—*its safety*. I cannot remember ever having driven a car over which one's control is so *absolutely assured*.



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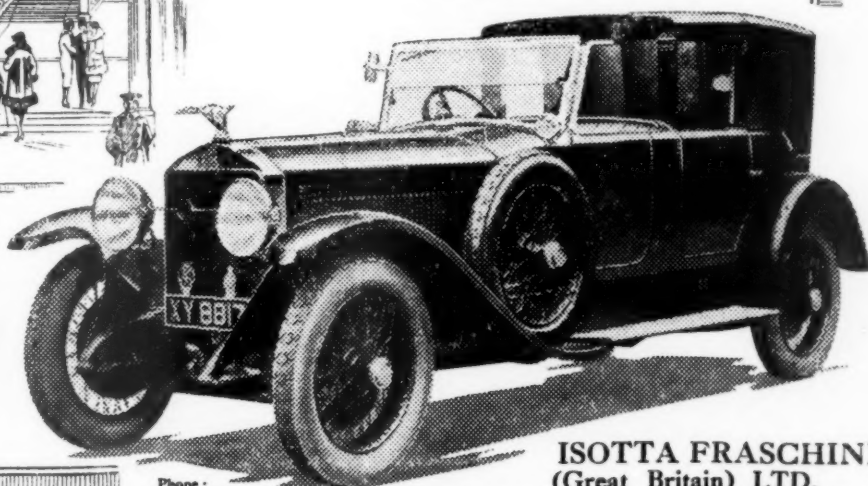
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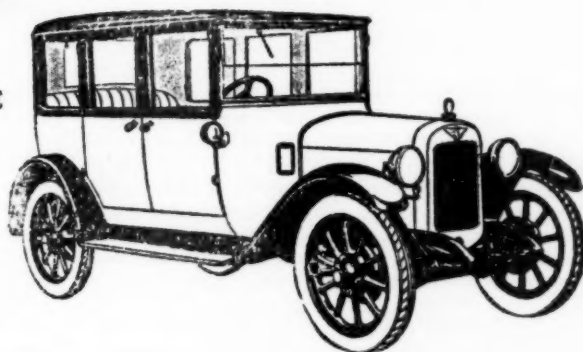
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday.

SPEAKING generally, the year just completed has been a very favourable one for the Stock Exchange, the outstanding feature having been the boom in rubber shares, the advent of which I anticipated some time before it materialized. The year has seen a great improvement in the settlement of Europe. The financial troubles of France and the depreciating value of the franc still remain a problem, and one can only hope that it will be solved early in the new year, although at the moment of writing the position remains very obscure.

A SURVEY OF 1925: FIRST QUARTER

In January, 1925, I was very much in favour of textile shares. I gave a list of shares, and said as a final remark: "I repeat my recommendations, and consider the present set-back an excellent opportunity to pick up cheap shares." The list was as follows:

	January 19, 1925.	Now.
Courtaulds	69/9	140/-
Bleachers	67/-	79/6
J. & P. Coats	66/-	62/6 x D
Cotton Spinners	60/-	53/-
Grout	49/6	70/-
Listers	32/6	32/6

Looking at the list now, I feel justified in saying that while Courtaulds may very probably reach £10 in 1926, they have become speculative, and I give prior place to Bleachers, which I think should reach 100s. in the New Year. I also hope to see Coats going ahead.

FRISCOS

On January 31, 1925, considerable space was devoted to San Francisco Mines of Mexico, and it was suggested that the dividends of 3s. 3d. for 1924 would be increased for 1925. Last week a final dividend of 2s. 6d. a share was paid, making 3s. 9d. for the year. I repeat the prophecy for 1926, when I expect at least 4s.; the shares are now 29s.—some 5s. a share higher than on the date above referred to.

FEBRUARY, 1925

Turning to February of last year, I find on February 14:

Austrian 6% recommended at 93½	now	99
Automatic Telephones	32/- now	52/-
Shells	4½ now	5
and West African Mahogany...	8/- now	5/3

I see no reason to alter my views on the first three shares; all can still be held. As regards West African Mahogany, the price of these shares is a constant source of surprise to me. I understand that the company has got into its stride, and that mahogany is being shipped and is fetching good prices; yet the price of the shares seems to move inversely to the results. I cannot but think it will be adjusted one day, and hope it may be soon; meanwhile, I feel justified in suggesting to the directors that the shareholders might receive an occasional post card with news of shipments and sale prices. On February 21, 1925, I recommended Marshalls ordinary at 20s.; shareholders were bid 26s. for these shares about three months ago. I now strongly recommend a purchase of the 7% preference shares of the company at about 20s. 6d., and I should not be surprised to see history repeat itself in the profit to be made within a few months. On February 28 I recommended Rhodesia Congo,

Border, at 56s. 3d.; they are now 140s. A really remarkable rise in ten months. On the same date I repeated my recommendation *re* Courtaulds, which had then reached 80s.

MARCH, 1925

On March 7 I referred to Akims. These shares had been recommended here on February 7 at 14s. 9d., and within the four weeks they had risen to 24s. 9d.; alas! they are now 10s. Sooner or later I believe these shares will justify my confidence, which has so far seemed misplaced. On March 14 I warned readers against Platinum shares, then booming; they subsequently slumped. I have modified my views since then, and now feel reasonably hopeful of the field. On March 28 I recommended *Daily Mirror* shares at £6 15s.; they subsequently rose to £7 10s., fell back to £6 and now are 6½. I consider them an excellent investment with a value considerably over the market price. Lack of space prevents me from continuing any further survey of last year's recommendations this week. I will do so next week.

HUNGARIAN LAND BONDS

Next Tuesday an offer of £1,000,000, 7½% Hungarian Land Mortgage Bonds is to be made in London. The issue is of outstanding interest, for although since 1863 the Mortgage Land Bonds issued by the Hungarian Land Mortgage Institute were the most popular gilt edged investment in Hungary, this is the first occasion on which these Bonds have been offered in sterling in this country. The yield is a generous one, as the Bonds carry interest at 7½%, and are to be issued at 93, which shows a yield of just over 8%, or, allowing for redemption at the latest date, January 1, 1961, £8 2s. 6d. The Hungarian Land Mortgage Institute was established in 1863 under Royal Charter by a group of the most prominent land owners in Hungary, and, as is the case with all Mortgage Institutions in Hungary, although not directly governed by the State its management is supervised by the Hungarian Government who appoint a Commissioner to keep watch upon its activities. Its business is restricted to the issue of Bonds on first mortgages on approved agricultural lands. As regards the forthcoming issue, the Institute undertakes to limit the amounts of its loans to the estimated value of one average year's crop. The Bonds constitute a direct obligation of the Land Mortgage Institute behind which will be:

1. A like amount of first land mortgages made repayable in sterling.
2. A special reserve fund amounting to 5% of the Bonds outstanding to be invested in sterling securities approved by the trustee.
3. The joint and several unlimited liability of the members of the Institute, consisting of the holders of founders' shares, and also of all mortgagors under first land mortgages for the time being.

As the holders of the founder shares of the Institute consist of representatives of the prominent land-owning families in Hungary, whose landed property alone consists of more than 1,000,000 Hungarian acres representing a value exceeding £20,000,000, it will be seen that these Bonds are very well secured. It is interesting to note that in Hungarian Law in case of non-payment of interest or principal on a mortgage the creditors may effect immediate execution against the estate, even though the proprietor may be an individual other than the person who effected the mortgage. I recommend these Bonds as a thoroughly sound, well-secured foreign investment suitable for mixing purposes.

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Visit
SWEDEN
for the
NORTHERN GAMES
(Stockholm, February, 1926)

This season visitors to Sweden for the winter sports will be able to enjoy and, if they wish, participate in that famous meeting of winter sports enthusiasts and experts known as the Northern Games, which will be held in Stockholm in February, 1926.

To these games come the foremost exponents of winter sports from all the Northern countries. The ski-ing events include cross-country ski-ing races, 30 and 60 kilometres for men and 10 kilometres for women, ski-jumping, hill-running, relay races, and that remarkable test of endurance, the 200 kilometre cross-country ski-race. There are also skating, skate-sail and ice-yacht races, sledge, luge and bob-sleigh races, and trotting horse-racing, curling, bandy and ice-hockey matches.

During the Northern Games the whole of Stockholm is *en fête*.

Sweden is easily reached from London, the journey by boat or overland taking about 40 hours, or 17 hours by air from Amsterdam. The hotel accommodation is first class throughout, and English is spoken everywhere.

Illustrated Handbook FREE

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Miscellaneous

APPEAL

S. T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Mission, Edmonton, N.

ACCOMMODATION in West End Nursing Home for New Poor.—The Matron is prepared to receive in the annex of her home maternity and chronic cases; exceptionally good cuisine and specially trained nurses; maternity, single rooms from 7 gns., and bright, sunny ward 6 gns. inclusive; chronic, single rooms from 5 gns.—Apply 30 Porchester Square, W.2. Park 4218.

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'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 2.1.1926

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

This University of London is about to appoint a Principal Officer at a salary of £2,500 a year. The person appointed will be required to take up his duties on September 1, 1926. Those who are desirous that their names should be considered are invited to communicate with the Secretary to the Senate, from whom particulars can be obtained.

Testimonials are not required, and canvassing any Member of the Senate is prohibited.

Names should reach the University not later than Monday, February 1, 1926.

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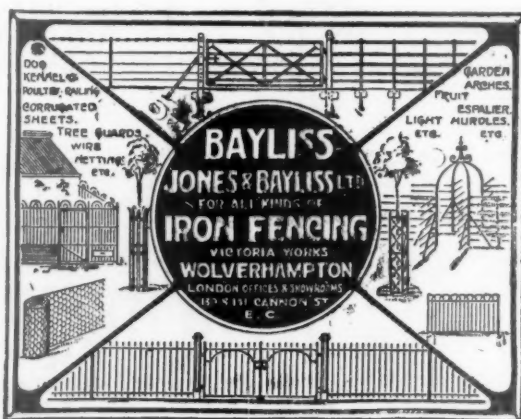
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